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THE EVENT.

THE event is always a decisive matter. It weighs not how rash or absurd the attempt was, if it turns out well, nor how sagely devised and spiritedly and industriously executed, if it turns out ill. We naturally have an affection for men who successfully accomplish any thing, and an equally natural and unavoidable antipathy for those who fail. In the latter case, we may allow upon his showing that the man did every thing that could be done, and deserved success; but yet we wish him out of our way. His reclamations against censure are decidedly not relished. He is blameless, yet detestable. And, what always adds so much to our impatience with the well-meaning blockhead who fails, we could have all along told him how much he was in the wrong in all his plans, and how easily, by a very slight change of tactics, he might have succeeded. It is the best policy of all such men to say as little as possible in their own defence. Calling for justificatory court-martials is a poor shift. They should strike their lights and go into oblivion the instant that fortune has greatly declared against them.

If Cæsar, two days after landing at Deal, had been cut to pieces by a painted army, how they would have shaken their heads a fortnight after in Rome, at the desperate nature of his expedition to the tight little island!—and how would all subsequent historians have set it down as only the consequence that was to have been expected from his unpardonable temerity! Had Columbus not reached America—and assuredly he did not expect to reach America at all, but only Asia by a new route—and had he returned with the loss of half his men to Palos, we cannot doubt that, for fifty years at least, he would have been regarded as a wretched dreamer, who, to gratify his own frantic spirit of adventure, had sacrificed many valuable lives. Fortunately for him, America had pitched itself at a proper distance across the Atlantic, and he gained the credit of discovering a new world. On how many chances did the greatness of Cortez hang! Had he been cut off on the causeway of Mexico, or even had Narvæz overthrown him, his attempting to subdue a great semi-civilised empire with less than three hundred men, would have gained him a place only amongst the coxcombs of history. As it was, every body sees the vast influence of European arms and skill amongst barbarians, and what a clever fellow Cortez was to calculate all this so nicely. So also, when intelligence reached England of the late destruction of British troops in Afghanistan, it became very clear to many that they had always thought there was danger in carrying our arms beyond the Indus; although there can be no doubt that, if all had gone on well, such a recollection would never have occurred to any body. The first events of the Chinese war were very satisfactory, and no one insinuated a doubt as to the way in which it was carried on. By and by, however, it proved that the Chinese were troublesome from their duplicity, and then every body thought that they had always thought that these celestial gentlemen should have been more sharply dealt with, and that the manager of the war was infinitely too soft for a command in warlike affairs. The very necessity which people feel of accounting for all things, helps to drive their horns into the sides of the unsuccessful. They must "see how it was," and be able "not to wonder now;" and for this purpose assigning simple stupidity to the hero of the failure answers exactly. It cuts the Gordian knot at once. This is one reason why the unfortunate gentleman has no chance. All his efforts at explanation go counter to

a judgment already formed, and which cannot conveniently be surrendered. The non-success of Prince Charles, in his expedition in 1745, is usually ascribed to his having stopped six weeks in Edinburgh after the first good stroke at Prestonpans. Hear what has been said on this subject by a respectable gentleman who was in his army, and knew the whole circumstances, favourable and unfavourable:—"Those who judge of things only by the event, will condemn this measure, and decide positively that if the Prince had marched on from the field of battle, he would have carried all before him. As the Prince's affairs were ruined in the end, it is natural to wish he had done any thing else than what he did: things could hardly have turned out worse, and there was a possibility of succeeding. But to judge fairly of the matter, we must have no regard to what happened, but to what was then most likely to happen. The Prince had but 3000 men at the battle, where he had 100 at least killed and wounded; he might reckon upon losing some hundreds more, who would go home with the booty they got: so that he could not reckon upon more than 2500 men to follow him into England, whence he had no intelligence, no hopes of being joined, no resource in case of a misfortune. But what would the public have said of such an attempt had it miscarried?"* Ay, there is the rub—what would they have said of such an attempt had it miscarried! There cannot be the least doubt that, had Charles and his kilted followers been swallowed up by a conglomeration of English troops somewhere in Westmoreland or Lancashire, the very same persons who blame him for stopping to recruit in Edinburgh, would have laughed to scorn the idea of his invading hostile England with a handful of half-armed mountaineers.

A rising against constituted authorities is at first a rebellion. If put down, a rebellion it remains; but should it be successful, it becomes a revolution. To the idea of rebellion a stigma is always attached; but a revolution is a respectable thing. So much is the difference between failure and success. This is the principle involved in the trite adage, "Treason is ne'er successful," &c. When the aim involved in the treason is successful, it takes a totally different character, and thus escapes the obloquy. We cannot doubt that the chiefs of many rebellions have been better men, and animated by more disinterested views, than the chiefs of many revolutions. It is no matter: the public deals in this respect very much as Lyeurgus with the detected thief. Failure stamps the one party infamous, while success puts the less deserving high in Fame's temple. There is no appeal. Even the historian, writing at the cool distance of centuries, feels the instinctive repugnance to the unsuccessful man, and sets himself to pick all possible holes in his coat with the greatest deliberation. With the same earnestness does this gentleman seek to discover proper elements of success in him whom fortune has favoured. Many great things take place through a fortuitous concurrence of trifling circumstances; but we do not receive this idea readily. It always seems as if great things should have great causes. In such a case, for example, as that of Henry de Guise, who went in a herring-boat and made himself king of Naples, a historian, if he is a natural sort of person at all, cannot conceive how such a thing could be merely the frolic of a young mad-cap. He would deem it necessary to show a long train of important circumstances leading to the expedition. He would trace

* Narrative of Charles Prince of Wales's Expedition to Scotland in the year 1745. By James Maxwell of Kirkconnell, Esq. Printed at Edinburgh, 1841. 4to.

the character of Henry's mind from his education, his mother's working at a tapestry of the wars of the Titans, and the fondness of his pedagogue for Plutarch, which the young duke would be sure to have read twice over, manifesting a particular partiality for the life of Alcibiades. Then there would be much in the state of Europe at the time—Cromwell newly made master of England, France just respiring from the wars of the Fronde, &c. Henry's few companions would be made out very remarkable men, and there would be reason to suppose that he had been invited by some of the chief of the Neapolitan nobility. Now, possibly, not one of these circumstances, allowing that they all existed, was of the slightest moment in the case. Strictly investigated, the expedition seems to have been little more than a frolic, which, from chance circumstances, ended in its hero gaining a temporary crown. Perhaps, if he had been asked to relate the wonderful story of his expedition, he would have frankly replied, in the words of the knife-grinder, "Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, sir." He would only know that he had had a sort of pleasure-sail to Naples one day, and that the people had insisted on his becoming their king. This necessity of finding out causes of sufficient dignity for all things, is one of the banes of history. Half the great operations of the world are brought about by means infinitely beneath an Helen's beauty or an Achilles's wrath; but these things do not tell well in grave pages. We must have a view of the state of the world at the time, a great deal about the deeply-seated springs of human conduct, and some speculations as to how far the recollections of long past injuries still rankled in the bosoms of the Greeks.

A great deal of the wisdom of the common world is determined by the event. The character of many transactions is only apparent to a great part of mankind after they have taken place. But when it is an affair of their neighbours, they always suppose that they were all along quite aware how things were going. It was easy to see how such a scheme would turn out. They could have foretold all this months ago. Some little point is fastened on as having given them full assurance that the thing was doomed to failure. Honest Gideon Pike was quite sure, after the battle of Loudon-hill, that the dragons could not fail to be beaten, as "little gude could come o' that new-fangled way of slinging their carbines." It is most unfortunate that we only have this prescience about each other's affairs, and not about our own, for, if it were so far extended, nothing would ever happen amiss. At present, limited as the prescience is, there is scarcely any use for it, unless as a means of giving a friend a little salutary affliction, in the hope of making him more cautious for the future. This, I need scarcely say, is to be done by rounding in his ear, at the moment of failure, such phrases as—"I told you so;" or, "All this is just what might have been expected." In the science of ingeniously tormenting, the post-ventual prophet stands as an artist of the highest class. A thorough-bred one takes care never to commit himself before the event. He acts in the spirit of the Vicar of Wakefield, when, in reply to his wife's exultations about the prospects of her daughters from the town ladies, he exclaimed (not knowing well what to think of the matter), "Ay, Heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months!"—an observation which, if the girls succeeded, might be looked on as a pious wish fulfilled—otherwise, as a prophecy. Upon the whole, it is safest to take the unfavourable side of the case, and rather hint at disaster than foretell triumph, for, when triumphs do result, no one remembers the croaker or his forebod-

ings, whereas, in the contrary event, he may recall even a long-past shake of his head as a proof of his sagacity.

Perhaps our prepossession in favour of the successful, and our dislike to those who fail, has a final cause in the effect which it is calculated to have, in prompting to all possible exertion, and all possible caution, for the securing of success. Were the unsuccessful sure of having full allowance for their mere aims, and a light judgment for their defeats, there might be less energy shown in all kinds of transactions, and a great lack of that watchfulness which is so essential to the right conduct of human affairs.

DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY.

THERE are many people living in the world, with strictly honest intentions, and who yet, by a mistaken calculation of the degree in which it is permitted to consult their own interest in preference to the interest of others, allow themselves to persevere in the practice of a certain species of selfish injustice, so pernicious in its effects, that the injury they inflict upon society, and consequently the crime they commit, is twenty times greater than a vast proportion of the offences which conduct their unhappy perpetrators to the gallows. Perhaps some of our readers may think we are too energetic in our denouncement, when they learn that the criminals we point at, are neither more nor less than *dilatory bill-payers*—people who, for the sake of avoiding a small proportion of inconvenience to themselves—a slight sacrifice on the interest of their money—a little self-denial, in short, in some shape or another—do not hesitate to inflict on their unhappy victims an amount of misery, from the idea of which they would recoil with horror did they pause to estimate its enormity. And it is a terrible aggravation of this offence, that the sufferers from it are usually amongst the most hard-working, the most industrious, the most struggling members of the community; in a word, they are precisely those who are most anxious to do well, and who have the greatest difficulties to contend with in effecting their object. But as an ounce of example is sometimes better than a pound of precept, we will proceed to our story.

The night was dark, the weather was very cold, the snow lay three feet deep upon the ground, and was still falling, whilst the wind that came in cutting blasts, dashed and rattled against the windows of the room where sat Mr and Mrs Wingate. But the picture presented by the interior offered a very agreeable contrast to the scene outside. The fire blazed brightly, the hearth was clean swept, the kettle sang upon the hob, the room was well carpeted and comfortably furnished, the red moreen curtains reflected a warm glow on every object, not excepting the countenances of Mr and Mrs Wingate themselves, who, deposited in well-stuffed easy-chairs, sat on each side of the fire. Mr Wingate had been indulging in a little doze, whilst his wife, by the fitful blaze, had been knitting him a warm lamb's wool comforter; a fat spaniel and a large black cat lay cosily asleep upon the rug, and Betty brought in the tea-things.

"Bring up the brown loaf, Betty," said Mr Wingate, rising to take a turn or two about the room and shake off his drowsiness; whilst his wife unlocked her caddy and prepared to make the tea.

"The baker hasn't sent it, sir," said Betty.

"What's the reason of that?" inquired Mr Wingate, turning sharply round; "wasn't it ordered?"

"Yes, it was, sir," said Betty; "but I suppose, as the night is so bad, and it's a good way to bring it, they've left it till the morning."

"That's very neglectful," observed Mr Wingate; "they might have known very well that it would be wanted for tea. I shall leave Duncan and go to somebody else for my bread, if he is not more attentive. What's this?" added he, taking up a folded paper that Betty had introduced upon the tea-board.

"That's Duncan's bill, I believe, sir," replied Betty; "their man left it when he was here this morning."

"Oh!" said Mr Wingate, throwing it over to his wife, without opening it; "he's in a greater hurry with his bill than he is with our loaf—he might have waited till the year was up, I think. How much is it, Margaret?"

"Gracious me! It's twenty-five pounds, I declare!" exclaimed Mrs Wingate, as she looked at the sum-total that closed an account of several pages; "I had no idea we owed him so much."

"Twenty-five pounds!" re-echoed Mr Wingate, stretching out his hand for the paper. "Surely there must be some mistake."

"We shall see by the book," answered Mrs Wingate; "every thing we get is regularly set down; but I certainly did not expect it would be so much." And here must take leave to remark, that disagreeable surprises of this nature are the inevitable lot of every body that runs long accounts; so that the little pecuniary advantage they may have reckoned upon by delaying their payments, is materially counterbalanced by the irritation consequent on these unpleasant discoveries, and also by the prejudicial effects of their miscalculation, which causes them to overrate their resources, and beguiles them to spend when they should spare.

"How long have we been dealing with Duncan?" inquired Mr Wingate, feeling for his spectacles.

"About a year and a half—ever since he came into that shop," answered his wife.

"Amount of account rendered December—amount of account rendered June—how was it his bill wasn't paid last Christmas?" asked Mr Wingate, sharply; for we must here take leave to slip in another little observation, which is, that when these long accounts unfold their ungainly proportions to our view, we inevitably feel vexed and angry, not only with the tradesman but with ourselves—or more commonly, indeed, with our wife—both because that is more convenient and agreeable, and because these house-keeping accounts generally belong to her department.

"Why," answered Mrs Wingate, "you know we barely owed him half a year last Christmas, and I did not see any necessity for settling it till June; and then, when I asked you for money, if you recollect, you said that the purchase of the railroad shares had taken all you had, and that you couldn't pay any body till Christmas."

"This must be settled at the New Year," said Mr Wingate—"that is, if you find it's correct; I can hardly believe our bread bill for eighteen months can come to so much, though. Do we owe any body else more than a year?"

"I believe not," replied the lady; "I think every thing was settled up to last January—that is, the house-keeping accounts—the repairs, and the painting, and all that sort of thing, you know best about yourself."

"Oh, it's time enough for that," replied Mr Wingate; "those sort of people don't expect to be paid under two years; but the house-keeping bills, certainly, should not run beyond twelve months. What's that?"—another bill!" continued he, as Betty, on being summoned to take away the tea-things, laid a second paper on the table.

"It's Dimond, the green-grocer's bill, sir," said Betty; "I found it at the bottom of the basket."

"Humph! fifteen pounds for vegetables and fruit in one year," said the gentleman; "that's a great deal, Mrs Wingate."

"It does seem a great deal, to be sure," replied the wife; "and yet we never have any thing the least out of the way: one can't do without vegetables, or without a little fruit, when it's in season, you know."

"Certainly not; there's no necessity for doing without them, thank God!" answered Mr Wingate, who, however disagreeably affected by the sight of the bills, had no idea of denying himself the good things of this world; "only, you should be particular about these people's accounts, and take care that they don't overcharge us, or run up their bills by putting down things we have never had. There seems to be an amazing quantity of strawberries here in this bill of Dimond's!"

"I believe we had a good many strawberries when the children were at home for the holidays," replied the lady.

"Well, all these things must be paid as soon as we can spare the money," said Mr Wingate, throwing them over to his wife, and taking up his book.

"By the by, Mrs Gibson, the milkwoman, sent in her account yesterday; she says she has a bill to make up, and would be very much obliged if we could settle it."

"I can't pay any body till after Christmas," said Mr Wingate, dryly; "they needn't be in such a hurry; they know very well they are sure of their money. I'm not sure that I may not be called upon to pay up another instalment upon my bank shares. I heard something of it the other day."

"Why, isn't the bank doing well?" inquired Mrs Wingate.

"Oh! capitally," replied her husband; "but, you know, every thing must have a beginning, and there are always difficulties at first; but I expect those shares will pay me ten per cent. at least."

"Well, I am glad of it, Wingate," replied the lady; "for, if that and the railway both turn out well, I hope we may be able to keep a little four-wheeled carriage and a pony—it would contribute very much to my comfort."

"Perhaps we may," answered Mr Wingate, nodding his head complacently; "especially if I can get a few more of those railway shares. I heard there were some likely to come into the market."

"Indeed!" answered the wife; "I thought they had all been bought up."

"So they were," replied he; "but Duncan's wife had ten shares—her father left them to her when he died—and I hear they are likely to be sold, at least I

had a hint of it; and I have employed a person that knows Duncan to find out if it is so, that I may get the first chance."

"I should hardly think he'd part with them, when they are likely to pay so well," observed Mrs Wingate.

"I fancy the new shop hasn't answered so well as he expected," replied her husband; "they say he was doing better in the old one."

It was quite true—he was doing better in the old one—but why? We shall see.

Duncan's former shop had been in an unfavourable situation—a poor neighbourhood; nevertheless, he had a steady little business, and regular though small profits. But having married a young woman who had a little matter of money, he thought it would be for their mutual interest to lay it out in fitting up a shop in a better situation, amongst more affluent people. The spot he fixed upon was just on the outskirts of the town, where there was a line of villas stretching for a mile or two into the country; and as there was no baker nearer than himself, he naturally looked to getting a tolerable share of business. And so he did; for he made good bread, and his proximity was a convenience; so that their fortunes wore a flourishing aspect, and they congratulated themselves on the success of their experiment. But it was unfortunately the custom amongst a vast proportion of these worthy people to pay their bills but once a-year, whilst Mr Duncan, and his wife, and little child, wanted to eat every day, Mr Duncan's journeymen wanted to be paid every week, Mr Duncan's rent became due twice a-year, and Mr Duncan's corn-merchant and other purveyors sent in their bills at the end of every six months. These opposite arrangements did not tally at all. Mr Duncan had plenty of business, and as his customers were mostly respectable and careful people, he reckoned upon few bad debts; but then, in the mean time, he had no money to go to market with, nor to pay his way, and consequently he was obliged to take long credits, and bought every thing at a disadvantage. Thus, he was always in difficulties—always struggling, always put to his shifts how to get on, and his mind was never at ease; whilst, to his infinite annoyance, he was often obliged to inflict on his own tradespeople the same inconvenience that his customers inflicted upon him.

It was early in December, on the night that we have introduced our readers to Mr and Mrs Wingate, that Mr Duncan sat on one side of a little table in his back-parlour, making up his bills, whilst his wife was employed with her needle on the other.

"Bless me!" cried he, "there was a brown loaf ordered for Mr Wingate to-night; I fear it has not been sent."

"No," replied his wife, "I had nobody to send with it; George did not come back from his rounds till it was too late; so, as they could not get it for tea, I thought it would be better to send a new one to-morrow morning."

"I am afraid George will never do for us," replied Duncan; "he's terribly slow."

"He's worse than that," responded the wife; "he's idle and careless."

"Ah!" said Mr Duncan, with a sigh; "we shall never get such another as William—he was such an excellent steady lad."

"So he was," said Mrs Duncan; "we have never had one to suit us since. It was very provoking that he should have left us."

"I can't blame him," answered Duncan. "You know he had his mother to keep out of his wages, and how could he do that if he did not receive them regularly?"

"Very true," answered Mrs Duncan, in a desponding tone; "we shall never be able to keep a steady man if we can't pay him regularly; and then we lose our customers through the carelessness of the journeymen. There was Mr Donaldson left us because he did not get the rolls time enough for dinner the day he had company, and Mrs Wilson because she saw that last boy we had playing tricks in the street, whilst he set down his tray in the rain, and let the bread get wet."

"It's very true," answered Duncan; "but the thing that weighs most upon my mind at present is this forty pounds of Thomson's. How I am to get it together, I'm sure I don't know; and I am very well aware that he can't afford to wait any longer for it. He has given me all the indulgence he can, but now he has a bill coming due, and I must pay him, if I sell my railroad shares to do it."

"If Mr Wingate would pay his bill, there would be five-and-twenty pounds towards it," observed Mrs Duncan. "Surely, I should think he would, now that it has run eighteen months."

"He'll pay it at the New Year, or soon after, I dare say," replied Duncan; "but the thing is, will he pay it now? If I press for it, perhaps he'll take offence, and we shall lose his custom altogether."

"And, I'm sure, we might almost as well lose it," said Mrs Duncan; "for people's custom does very little good when they take such long credits."

"That's very true," replied the husband; "but one don't know what to do—in offending one, we offend others; few people will take the trouble to consider the distress they put us to whilst we are waiting for their money, and they fancy, if we press for it, that we are distrustful or insolent."

Not far from where this conversation was held, in a

little lodging below the street, over which was inscribed, "Milk and Cream sold here," sat, on the same evening, Mrs Gibson and her lame son, a poor lad that from his birth had been a cripple. A very little bit of fire burned upon the hearth, a single rushlight that stood upon the table just redeemed the room from darkness, and a couple of red herrings, a loaf of bread, and a little butter-milk, were spread for the evening repast. The lad drew to the table and began to eat, but Mrs Gibson sat with her eyes fixed upon the fire, in an attitude of deep thought, and with a countenance on which care and anxiety were legibly imprinted.

"Come, mother," said David, "you had better try and eat something; sitting there grieving won't do any good—care killed the cat, you know."

"How little people that are well off think of the difficulties that we poor folks have to struggle with!" said Mrs Gibson, without attending to her son's invitation. "Surely, if they knew the distress they put us to, they'd never do it, just for the sake of keeping their money in their pockets a little longer."

"But don't the rich people get interest for their money, mother?" inquired David.

"I suppose they do, and that that is partly the reason of their not liking to pay it away," replied Mrs Gibson; "but then they consider that they take their interest out of our pockets. It don't signify, I dare say, to some of the rich tradespeople; they can afford to stay out of their money, because they can get credit themselves; and besides, when they know they are not to be paid for a good while, they charge accordingly. But I can't do that; I can only charge a penny a pint for my milk, whether I'm paid for it to-morrow or next year; and, in the mean while, how am I to keep a house over my head, or buy fodder for my cows, or live at all? People won't give much trust to a poor woman like me."

"But you'll get your money from them at Christmas, mother," said David, "or soon after; and that isn't long now, you know."

"Ah, my dear," replied Mrs Gibson, "it will be too long for me. I must get some before Christmas."

"What for?—is it for the rent?" asked David.

"No," answered the mother, "it's not for the rent."

"What is it for, then?" inquired David.

"I don't know whether to tell you or not, dear," said Mrs Gibson. "But you're a good boy, David, and I think I will, for it will be a relief to my mind. Well, you know, a little while ago, when Colley the black cow died, I was obliged to look out for another, and as it was just before the cattle-fair at F—, I'd a mind to go there and get one, but I could not scrape money enough together for the purchase. Unluckily, just a day or two before the fair, as I happened to be writing to your brother John, I mentioned this, and said what a loss it would be to me, and that it was very hard, as, if I had all the money that was owing to me, I could have bought the best cow in the market—or something like that. Well, to my surprise, there comes by return of post a letter from John, with a ten-pound note in it, saying that a friend had lent him, but that I must be sure to pay it again before Christmas. I wish to my heart I had not taken it, but I thought, to be sure, I should be able to return it in time."

"Well, I'm sure, mother, you'll be able to get ten pounds from your customers by Christmas!" said David; "many of them owe you six months, and some a whole year."

"Ay, David, but the thing is that I want it now. Yesterday there came a letter from John, to say that I must send him the money before the fifteenth; 'Be sure you do, mother,' he says, 'even if you are obliged to sell the cow again to get it.' Well, I made up the accounts of some of those I thought most able to pay me, and took them in; but to-day there comes another letter from John, begging me to make all the haste I can about the money, and he says in it, 'I did a very wrong thing, mother, for the sake of sending you that ten pounds—a thing that I am very sorry for now, and that I had rather cut my hand off than do again, if I can only get over it this time; but, oh, mother, send me the money!'"

"What can he mean?" said David, with a look of alarm. "I'm afraid he has done something he should not do," said Mrs Gibson. "I'm afraid the money was not lent him, as he said, but that he got it some other way—perhaps it was his master's—Heaven knows!"

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed David, "you don't think John would take what wasn't his own?"

"There never was a better lad than John, dear," said Mrs Gibson; "but young people sometimes do things in a hurry, without stopping to think of the consequences of their actions; and, you know, he was always thoughtless; and then he's very soft-hearted, and over-good-natured, and I'm afraid I complained a good deal of the hardship of being kept out of my money. I hope I may be wrong, but I'm afraid John is in some trouble."

"We must sell one of the cows, mother," said David, with a good deal of agitation in his manner; "you'll sell her to-morrow, won't you?"

"If I can't get my money, I'll sell her," replied Mrs Gibson; "but you see what a loss it will be. We shall then have but one left to keep us through the winter; besides, I know nobody that wants a cow just now, and perhaps I may not be able to sell her—at least not for so much as ten pounds. However, I have taken in the bills, and left word that I should be very much obliged for the money; and to-morrow we shall see."

This story seemed to have spoiled poor David's appetite for his bread and his red herring. He was a lad of great sensibility, weak health, and nervous temperament, and, withal, exceedingly fond of his brother. The idea of the disgrace and perhaps danger that might await John if the money was not quickly sent, seized on his imagination; he could not sleep all night for thinking of it, and lay tossing on his humble couch, impatient for the daylight that would enable his mother to set about some means of collecting the necessary sum.

"You'll make yourself ill, David dear," said his mother; "wait patiently till I come back, and I hope I may bring you some good news;" and Mrs Gibson set off

to learn what hopes there were from her customers. But when she inquired of the several servants if they had handed her little account to their employers, the general answer was, "Mistress says you'll be paid at the usual time," or "Mistress laid it by, and didn't say any thing;" whilst Dimond, the green-grocer, and Duncan, the baker, and the tradespeople in general, answered, "We can't get in our own accounts, but as soon as we do, you shall be paid."

"Then we must sell the cow, mother," said David, whose pale cheeks looked flushed with anxiety; "who do you think will buy her?"

"I don't know, I am sure," answered Mrs Gibson; "but I'll see about it to-morrow. But you are not eating any dinner, David."

"I can't eat, mother, till John has the money," replied David.

But it was easier to talk of selling the cow than to do it; nobody that Mrs Gibson could hear of wanted one—at least, nobody that had the money in their hands ready to pay down; and there was no cattle-fair or market at the moment, where she might have been disposed of; and two days elapsed without producing any relief to the anxiety of the mother and son, whilst another pressing letter arrived from John, entreating that the money might be sent without delay. This was too much for poor David; by the third night he was in a high fever, and obliged to take to his bed. Here was an aggravation of misery! His mother could not leave him, for she had nobody to take her place by his bedside; she engaged a girl to carry out her milk, but she could no longer make any exertions to procure the money, and David's consciousness of this circumstance cruelly aggravated his sufferings. By the evening of the fourth day, his mind began to wander, and he was so ill, that Mrs Gibson, not satisfied with the advice of the young student that she had first applied to, determined to request the attendance of a physician, and her neighbours recommended her to go to Dr A. "He is an excellent man," said they, "and always willing to assist the poor."

"There's a great deal of fever, indeed," said Dr A., when he saw the lad; "but there are no particular symptoms at present, by which I can judge what it is to terminate in. Has he been where there's any infection, that you know of?"

"No, sir," replied Mrs Gibson, "I don't think it's any thing of that sort—being quite a cripple, poor boy, he went little about. No, sir; I believe it's something else."

"What else, do you mean?" asked Dr A.

"I fancy, sir, it's some anxiety about his brother and a little matter of money."

"Have you got the money for John, mother?" said David, suddenly opening his eyes, and recalled to consciousness by the words that had struck upon his ear.

"Keep yourself quiet, dear, and I shall get it, never fear," said Mrs Gibson. "Yes, sir, it's entirely that, I'm certain, that is the matter with him. He was always a delicate boy, but he was as well as usual till this distress came upon him."

"I'll see him again to-morrow," said the doctor, when he had written his prescription; "and in the mean time you must soothe him as much as you can. Keep his mind easy." But that was not to be done: when David was delirious, he raved about his brother and the money; and in his more lucid intervals, he inquired without ceasing if his mother had got it, and begged her to show it him.

"I believe, sir, if I could just show him a ten-pound note, so as to make him believe I have sold the cow, it would do him more good than all the physic in the world," said Mrs Gibson, on the following day, to the doctor. "I'll try and borrow one of somebody for a minute or two."

"I haven't one about me, or we might try the experiment immediately," answered Dr A., whose interest and curiosity were awakened by this fraternal anxiety; "but what is the cause of his brother's distress?"

"It was his desire to assist me, sir," replied Mrs Gibson; "and then she related the circumstances of the case, taking care, however, not to hint what she suspected, namely, that John had not come rightly by the money; but the doctor's sagacity supplied what she withheld.

"And is it from losses in your business that these embarrassments have fallen upon you?" asked he.

"Oh, no, sir—not from losses," answered Mrs Gibson; "I shall get all my money by and by, for they are very respectable people that owe it me. But those that are well off don't think what inconvenience they put us poor people to by keeping us out of our money so long; they forget that we have our daily little expenses to provide for, and our rent, and the fodder for our cows; and that accidents happen that we can't reckon upon: and that, if we can't go to market with the money in our hands, we buy every thing at a disadvantage. And then, sir, the tradespeople, that know all this, and would pay us if they could, can't do it, because they are kept so long out of their own money."

"This is all very bad," said Dr A., "and must doubtless be the occasion of many bankruptcies amongst the class of small tradespeople who have little or no capital, but depend upon the profits of their daily sales."

"The profits are all eaten up, sir, by the long credits; and if we get a bare living, it's all we can do. As for laying by any thing for a rainy day, it's out of our power. We are always struggling, always behind, and living from hand to mouth."

"With respect to your present distress, however," said the doctor, "if any one were to advance you the ten pounds, when could you repay it?"

"About Christmas, sir, or soon after," answered Mrs Gibson; "it should be the very first debt I would discharge."

Dr A., good man, advanced the money, and John was saved; but poor David had received his death-blow. His weak constitution and shattered nerves could not recover the shock, and he died in his mother's arms; comforted, however, by knowing that the money had reached his brother in time to prevent the calamity that

had been apprehended. The neighbours said that the poor cripple's death was a release, and that his mother would have a mouth less to feed; but, alas! for many a long day her own solitary meal was watered with salt tears, and many a long evening she sat by her bit of fire, gazing on poor David's empty chair, picturing his kind, pale, loving face, and conjuring up sad memories of days gone by—never, never to return.

Mr Wingate kept his pony-chaise, and continued to pay all his bills punctually at Christmas, or soon after, and he thought himself a very good customer to his tradespeople; but Mr Duncan was obliged to sacrifice his railway shares, which would ultimately have brought him ten per cent., in order to pay his friend Thomson the forty pounds he had lent him. Mr Dimond, the green-grocer, was not long after obliged to give up his business, for he had no capital, and he found it impossible to provide himself with his merchandise in the markets, when he had scarcely ever any money to take there. Poor David was dead, and his mother's hearth was lonely—and these are but a few instances of the ramifications of evil, which spread in all directions amongst the industrious classes, from the selfish, unchristian-like, and pernicious practice of dilatory bill-paying.

CHILDREN OF THE WILDS.

THE fact of children being occasionally reared apart from all human society, is one calculated to attract the attention of the philosopher, as well as to excite an interest in the common mind. It might at first appear nearly impossible that a child accidentally lost in a forest could sustain itself and grow to maturity; yet there are several authenticated instances to assure us of the contrary. While this is in itself the solution of a curious problem, we have others to consider in the degree in which the ordinary human faculties are liable to be developed in such circumstances, and the effect which the long dormancy of the most of them is calculated to have in obstructing all future efforts to educate and humanise. With the view of throwing as much light as possible on all these questions, we have brought together a few of the most perspicuously recorded instances of forest-reared children.

The story of the Wild Girl of Champagne is detailed by a trustworthy French writer, M. de la Condamine. One evening, in September 1731, the people of the village of Songi were alarmed by the entrance into the street of a girl, seemingly nine or ten years old, covered with rags and skins, and having a face and hands black as those of a negro. She had also a gourd leaf on her head, and was armed with a short baton. So strange was her aspect, that those who observed her took to their heels, and ran in-doors, exclaiming, "The devil! the devil!" Bolts were drawn in all quarters, and one man thought to ensure safety by letting loose a large bull-dog. The little savage flinched not as the animal advanced in a fury, but throwing herself backwards on one limb, and grasping her club with both hands, she discharged a blow at the head of the dog, as it came nigh her, with such force and celerity as to kill it on the spot. Elated with her victory, she jumped several times on the carcass; after which she tried in vain to enter a house, and then ran back to the wood, where she mounted a tree and fell asleep. Thirst, it was supposed, had led her to the village.

The Viscount D'Epinoy, then in the country, was quickly told of this apparition, and a search being made early next morning, the little wanderer was observed at the top of a lofty tree. Supposing that she was thirsty, they brought a pitcher of water, and set it below the tree. The wild girl, after cautiously looking all around, came down and drank; but being startled, she reascended the tree before she could be approached. In the hope of startling her less, a woman and child were then directed to offer food to her, and entice her down. This plan was successful, and the savage was caught. She struggled violently, but was carried to the house of M. D'Epinoy. In the kitchen, fowls were being dressed at the moment, and she instantly flew on one of them, tore it to pieces, and ate it. An unskinned rabbit was placed before her, which, with amazing rapidity and voracity, she also skinned and devoured.

It was soon found that if the little savage possessed any speech whatever, it was merely a word or two in some foreign or instinctive tongue. The usual sound uttered by her was a wild scream, not articulated, but formed entirely in the throat. If any one approached to touch her, she grew wild, and shrieked violently. She had blue eyes, and, strange to say, it was speedily discovered that her skin was really white, or nearly so, a black paint having been apparently laid on her face and hands. It was noticed that her thumbs were very large, and this was afterwards explained by her as arising from her habit of springing like a squirrel from tree to tree, by resting upon them. Being placed by M. D'Epinoy under the care of a shepherd, she at first gave much trouble by scraping holes in her place of confinement, and flying to the tops of trees or the house-roof, where she was as much at home as on the level ground. She could run with immense speed, and, some time after she was taken, frequently showed her powers by catching rabbits and hares at the request of her patrons. Her food had been raw flesh, fish, roots, fruits, branches, and leaves; and she never chewed her meat, but swallowed it whole. It was found extremely difficult to wean her stomach from the taste for raw food. When first taken, she was allowed by M. D'Epinoy to cater for herself about his ponds and ditches. She swam like a

duck, and was extremely dexterous in diving for and catching fish, which she brought ashore in her teeth, and then gutted and ate. Frogs were a peculiar dainty to her. One day, when presented to a dinner-company at M. D'Epino's, she looked around at the table, and seeing none of her own good things, she suddenly ran out to the nearest ditch, where she speedily gathered an apronful of frogs. These she brought into the dining-room, and, before the guests knew her drift, she had spread her collection over the whole of their plates. It may be guessed what consternation was caused by the leap-frog game which then took place.

When she had learned to express her ideas in speech, she informed her friends that she had had a companion, a girl somewhat older than herself, and black, or painted black. They had quarrelled about a chaplet, dropped by some one. The elder girl struck the younger one on the arm, and the younger one returned the blow by a violent stroke of the baton on the brow, which felled the other to the ground, and "made her red," that is, drew blood. Sorry for her companion afterwards, the younger took the skin of a frog and spread it over the wound. They parted, however, each taking separate directions. Before this happened, the pair had crossed a river, which must have been the Marne, three leagues from Songi. It had been their custom to sleep all day in trees, which they could do with perfect safety. The elder girl alluded to was sought for, but was never found. A rumour went that a black girl had been found dead not many leagues from the spot where the other was taken; but as it was long ere the latter could tell the story, the affair could not be unravelled at that distance of time.

Le Blanc, as the little savage was named, had a distinct recollection of being twice at sea, and of latterly escaping with her companion from a ship by swimming. From her statement, it was conjectured that Le Blanc, at least, was from the coast of Labrador, and had been kidnapped and carried to the West Indies. Failing to sell her by the trick of colouring her as a negro, the kidnapper seems to have brought her to some coast near to France. The hazy recollections of Le Blanc, which had reference partly to canoes and seals, and partly to sugar-canes, confirm this conjecture. How long the wanderers had been in Europe it is impossible to say, but it is evident that Le Blanc had been long familiar to solitary as well as savage habits. The attempts made to accustom her to cooked food nearly cost her her life, and her acquired voracity could not be overcome. At the hospital of Chalons, and subsequently in a convent, where she spent much of her after-life, she was civilised, however, in every respect. The Duke of Orleans, and many great people, were kind to her. She was, of course, an object of great curiosity to all. The period of her death is unknown to us, but in 1765 she was still living in Paris. Some peculiarities marked her through her whole life, and particularly a certain rolling motion of the eyes, acquired when she wandered in the woods, and had to guard against surprise. She knew then no fear, however, and hesitated not to front the wolf or wild-cat. Besides the bludgeon mentioned, which she said she brought from her own country, she had for defence a stick pointed with iron, which she brought, she said, from the hot country.

The connexion she had had with society in early life may be supposed to have in some measure cultivated the intellect of this extraordinary creature. Not so with another noted savage, called Peter the Wild Boy. "He was found in the year 1725, in a wood near Hameln, about twenty-five miles from Hanover, walking on his hands and feet, climbing trees like a squirrel, and feeding on grass and moss; and in the month of November was conveyed to Hanover by the superintendent of the House of Correction at Zell. At this time he was supposed to be about thirteen years old, and could not speak. This singular creature was presented to King George I., then at Hanover, while at dinner. The king caused him to taste of all the dishes at the table; and in order to bring him by degrees to relish human diet, he directed that he should have such provision as he seemed best to like, and such instruction as might best fit him for human society.

Soon after this, the boy made his escape into the same wood, where he concealed himself among the branches of a tree, which was sawed down to recover him. He was brought over to England at the beginning of 1726, and exhibited to the king and many of the nobility. In this country he was distinguished by the appellation of Peter the Wild Boy, which he ever afterwards retained.

He appeared to have scarcely any ideas, was uneasy at being obliged to wear clothes, and could not be induced to lie on a bed, but sat and slept in a corner of the room, whence it was conjectured that he used to sleep on a tree for security against wild beasts. He was committed to the care of Dr Arbuthnot, at whose house he either was, or was to have been, baptised; but notwithstanding all the doctor's pains, he never could bring the wild youth to the use of speech, or the pronunciation of words. As every effort of this kind was found to be in vain, he was placed with a farmer at a small distance from town, and a pension was allowed him by the king, which he enjoyed till his death." Lord Monboddo, whose researches led him to interest himself in Peter, visited him at Berkhamstead in 1782, when the Wild Boy had become an

old man of above seventy. The poor creature looked "sagacious for a savage," his lordship says, but could only articulate a word or two. In youth he was peculiarly strong and nimble, but an illness weakened him. He had learned to eat and dress like others, but in many respects he seemed out of the pale of humanity. "He retains so much of his natural instinct, that he has a fore-foeling of bad weather, growling and howling, and showing great disorder, before it comes on. If he hears any music, he will clap his hands, and throw his head about in a wild frantic manner. He has a very quick sense of music, and will often repeat a tune after once hearing. When he has heard a tune which is difficult, he continues humming it a long time, and is not easy till he is master of it.

Till the spring of 1782, which was soon after his illness, he always appeared remarkably animated by the influence of the spring, singing all day, and, if it was clear, half the night. He is much pleased at the sight of the moon and stars: he will sometimes stand out in the warmth of the sun, with his face turned up towards it in a strained attitude; and he likes to be out in a starry night, if not cold. He is extremely good-tempered, excepting in cold and gloomy weather, for he is very sensible of the change of the atmosphere. He is not easily provoked, but when made angry by any person, he would run after him, making a strange noise, with his teeth fixed in the back of his hand.

Of the people who are about him, he is particularly attached to his master. He will often go out into the field with him and his men, and seems pleased to be employed in anything in which he can assist them; but he must always have some person to direct his actions, as may be judged from the following circumstance:—Peter was one day engaged with his master in filling a dung-cart. His master had occasion to go into the house, and left Peter to finish the work, which he soon accomplished; but as Peter must be employed, he saw no reason why he should not be as usefully employed in emptying the cart as he had before been in filling it. On his master's return, he found the cart nearly emptied again, and learned a lesson by it which he never afterwards neglected." Peter died in 1785, at the farm in Hertfordshire.

Another authentic case of a boy surviving alone in the woods is that of Victor, the savage of Aveyron. "Towards the end of the year 1798, a child, apparently about eleven or twelve years of age—who had several times before been seen in the woods of Caune in France, seeking acorns and roots, on which he subsisted—was caught by three sportsmen, who seized him at the moment he was climbing a tree to avoid them.

How this unfortunate child was at first abandoned to a state of nature, could not be discovered. One circumstance affords room to conjecture that at the time when this took place an attempt had been made on his life. On the fore-part of his neck was a scar of considerable extent, which appeared to have proceeded from a wound made by some sharp instrument. Some persons, more disposed than accustomed to acts of cruelty, had doubtless attempted the life of the child, who being left for dead in the woods, owed to the timely assistance of nature the cure of his wound. Besides this, he had, on various parts of his body, twenty-three scars, some of which appeared to have come from the bites of animals, and others from scratches and excoriations, affording incontestable evidence of the long and total abandonment of the unfortunate youth. From the testimony of the country people who lived near the woods in which he was found, he must have passed in absolute solitude seven years out of the twelve, which was supposed to be his age when caught in the woods of Caune.

When he was first brought into society, he lived on acorns, potatoes, and raw chestnuts, eating husks and all. In spite of the utmost vigilance, he was frequently near escaping, and at first showed great unwillingness to lie in a bed. His eyes were without steadiness and expression, wandering from one object to another, without ever fixing on any. The organ of hearing was equally insensible to the loudest noises and the most harmonious music: that of voice was still more imperfect, for he could utter only a guttural and monotonous sound. He seemed to be alike indifferent to the smell of the most delicious perfumes and the most fetid exhalations; and his sense of feeling was limited to those mechanical functions occasioned by the dread of objects that might be in his way."

After many escapes, he was finally placed under the care of M. Itard, at Paris. It was found that he had all his senses and faculties, but that they were almost incurably dormant. His acquired freedom of will rendered him impatient under instruction. "His paroxysms of rage became more frequent and more violent, but his passion was directed less against persons than things. When in this humour he would gnaw not only his bedclothes but even the mantle-piece; throw the fire-irons, the cinders, and the hot coals, about the room, and conclude the scene by falling into convulsions, with symptoms resembling those of epilepsy." The further history of this poor boy is not stated.

Judging from these three instances, we are assured of the almost irreparable evil of a total want of early education. Here it must be remarked that no child reared in society is uneducated, as speech and a thousand other gifts are acquired from even the most unen-

lightened parents and neighbours. But in the case of the child reared solitarily in the wild, there is no external power to draw forth the faculties or to confer accomplishments, excepting the necessity of gathering or seizing food and providing for shelter and protection against dangerous animals. A mind thus allowed to remain nearly dormant and savage till the age of maturity, appears, from the cases we know of, to become almost unfit for subsequent culture.

MADRAS.

On the European voyager approaching Madras for the first time, his surprise will be excited by the appearance of several singular objects. The aspect of the town itself from the sea is any thing but attractive, being situated on a flat line of coast; and the glare from its white edifices is particularly unpleasant to the naked eye. The vessel anchors about two miles from the shore, where she is surrounded by what you had regarded an hour or two before as sundry black spots like buoys upon the water, which you were told, perhaps, were human beings, but could hardly believe the statement. These are the *catamaran-men*, probably on a fishing excursion. The *catamaran* is formed by two or three pieces of wood, tied together at each end, and holding two persons only; upon these the men kneel, and with no other support, trust themselves for miles out on the mighty ocean, or carry letters and communications from the shore to the ship, in weather when it would be perilous for any boats, however strongly made, to do so. These men are, of course, most expert swimmers; and though they not unfrequently get a good souse in the surf as well as the sea, they seldom lose their hold on the frail planks, and still more rarely their lives. The arrival of the *catamaran* always accompanies, and often precedes, that of the various *massulah* and accommodation boats, which frequently do not wait till the vessel is anchored, bearing a motley crew, most zealously anxious for the honour of an introduction to the new comers. The *massulah* boats are made of planks, joined together by rope formed of the fibres of the coco-nut. In appearance they very much resemble the half of a walnut-shell, and are capable of holding from twenty to thirty persons, consisting on these occasions partly of *touters* for the various hotels or punch-houses, hawkers of different kinds of wares, and servants seeking situations, the possessors of whom, if their own account of themselves could be believed, would be the most fortunate masters in the world. One and all endeavour to make themselves acceptable to the new arrival by every possible contrivance and manner; some are provided with an army list, others with a newspaper published that very morning, or perhaps an English one brought by the last overland mail; each is ready with a prompt, and, as he hopes, with a gratifying answer, to every question with which he is constantly besieged; all profess an intimate knowledge of any recent casual visitor to Madras. One says that the gentleman put up at his hotel, and was so satisfied with his quarters, that leaving them was his only cause of regret at quitting the presidency; another assures you that he was his confidential servant; while a third will quote the gentleman's express declaration that he never dealt with so honest a man!

The most dangerous part of the voyage to Madras is the landing, for the surf is always high, and its tremendous breakers are never still; they roll along with a thundering sound, and no ship's boats can exist for a minute in them. This incessantly boiling surf renders a transit to and from the land always disagreeable, and in some measure dangerous; frequently, indeed, altogether impracticable for days together, without a risk of human life. It would almost seem, from the three or four successive heavy waves, each six feet high, and containing many tons of water, that in its flow from the ocean to the shore, it met with an equal number of acclivities or banks, thereby rendering the waves (in other places so regular, though exposed to almost the same width of ocean) so furious and overwhelming here. A strong current is always flowing according to the wind: if the latter be from the south, of course to the north, and *vice versa*. At some peculiar seasons, the navigation of these currents is more dangerous than at others. Boats are often upset, and the boatmen compelled to leave them and take to the water, or the lives of every one would be sacrificed. In that case the natives, who are capital swimmers, do not make for the shore but when they are obliged: if a heavy surf approaches, they dive until it has passed innocuously over them; whereas were they to continue swimming to land, the mighty force of the coming wave would drive them to the bottom, and by keeping them there for a time, deprive them of all strength for further efforts.

The only description of boat used is the *massulah*, so contrived as to bear great resistance, by its lightness and pliancy: an English boat, enduring one-half only of the concussions which these hourly suffer unharmed, would infallibly have its bottom or sides stove in. But it is still an extremely critical operation to conduct them through the surf. When they come within its influence, the steersman stands up, and, under great agitation, marks time with his voice and his foot, whilst the rowers work their oars backwards until overtaken by the swell, which, curling up in its approach to the shore, sweeps the boat along with fearful violence. The rowers now ply every oar

forward with their utmost vigour, to prevent the wave from carrying back the boat with its receding swell, and by a few successive surfs the boat is at length dashed high and dry on the shore. Should the boat be capsized, it is ten to one if some of the passengers are not caught by the voracious sharks, which abound ever close to the shore; and scarcely a month passes without some such accident. The stranger will not be long at Madras without experiencing the ill effects of the surf, very few being so fortunate as to land without a sprinkling. Its evil influence sometimes lasts for many days in succession, thereby causing great inconvenience and expense to merchants and shipowners, by the delay that of necessity arises in landing their cargoes. Such is the dread of it, that residents at Madras have been many years without once crossing it, though the sea beyond offers such inducements for a delightful sail. This difficulty of access, with other disadvantages attending the port, must always make Madras of less commercial importance than would otherwise be the case.

The most striking object on the shore, as seen from the sea, is Fort St George, beyond which is the Black Town, where all business is transacted. In this and the fort are the public offices and shops. The buildings facing the sea at this part are not numerous; among them we may notice the Supreme Court, the Master Attendant's Office, and the Custom-house. The garden-houses, as they are called, are the chief residences of the officers and civilians. They are neat structures, and the style of architecture is pretty: they are situated in the middle of a garden, closely planted, and the greatest number have only a ground floor; some that are of a superior description have one storey above. A deep and handsome verandah, or balcony, is supported by pillars in front, and green Venetian windows generally shade the rooms from the glare of the sun. In the interior there are neither window-curtains nor fireplaces, and very seldom a carpet, and only one bed in the middle of each sleeping apartment. You may place your head at which end of the bed you choose, for there is a headboard and pillows at both. Cotton mattresses only are used. The beds are large and high, environed with green gauze curtains, bag-fashion, open at the bottom, and tucked in all around, to keep out the mosquitoes; for let only one of these dreaded insects gain an entrance, and adieu to all rest for the night, however much your frame be exhausted by the heat. The walls of the apartments are *chunamed*. The *chunam* is a kind of lime, made with oyster and other shells, chalk, and other ingredients. It is prepared thus: ten or twelve women will stand round a quantity of the materials, beating it with large wooden mallets, and keeping time by singing to the motion of their hands. The walls being rubbed with this composition, assume a beautiful white polish, resembling that of the finest marble. The rooms of the more common kind of houses are white-washed or painted, never papered. The rooms are from twenty to thirty feet high, with rough ceilings like English barns, for the beams are uncovered, and sometimes whitewashed, but more frequently left the natural colour of the wood. When there is only one storey to the house, the roof slope in all the rooms. The floors are of stone or brick, or a composition of lime and gravel; they are also chunamed over in black and white squares, which gives them a beautiful appearance; or else they are covered with mats, made of bamboo, which are not very pleasant to walk upon, particularly with the delicate satin shoe of Chinese manufacture, such as is always worn by our countrywomen.

The streets of the Black Town mostly run at right angles, and parallel with each other, though there is sometimes a want of regularity and uniformity. Some of the houses are large brick buildings with flat roofs, but the greater part are built of mud, with tiled roofs. The town is nearly four miles in circuit, and is very populous. Here are the shops of the Europeans and natives, the bazars, and the residences of the Portuguese and natives. Of the bazars at Madras, Mrs Major Clemons gives the following graphic description:—"I was very desirous," says she, "on my arrival at Madras, to pay a visit to the bazars, as I had heard much of them, and had fancied that the bazars in London were but an humble imitation of those in the East. I ordered my palanquin, and was carried to the bazar in Triplicane, one of the best and largest near Madras. My ideas of oriental magnificence were much lowered, on finding a long narrow street, scarcely sufficient for a coach to pass down, having on each side mud-houses, so low that you could shake hands with a person on the roof, and displaying, on the dirty benches outside the doors, merchandise of every description; while about a dozen black people, more than half-naked, of the lowest description, served at each stall, talking all at once in the Malabar language, scolding and wrangling, with naked children lying or playing along the road, and a perfume—not of otto of roses, or millefleurs—but of lamp-oil, garlic, and other nauseous articles. So much for an oriental bazar, at least at Madras!"

The manners of the Europeans at Madras, the state of society, and style of living, are, for the most part, nearly the same as in other parts of India, except that provisions are more expensive. Within doors, dinner parties, and, during the cold season, monthly assemblies and balls, constitute the routine of amusements. The most fashionable drive at Madras is called the South Beach, answering to the Hyde Park ring of

London, and the course and esplanade of Calcutta. It lies to the south of the fort, on the sea-shore, extending to about a quarter of a mile in length. Many of the other drives are interesting, and the roads superb. The Mount Road deserves particular notice; it is shaded on each side by banyan and yellow tulip trees, of most luxuriant foliage, and there is one continued succession of villas for the six miles to which its length extends. Here it is customary for the fashionable parties in Madras to repair, in their gayest equipages (such as they are), during the cool of the evening, when they drive slowly about the cenotaph, which is here erected to the memory of the Marquis Cornwallis, and converse together. During the hottest part of the day, namely, after two o'clock, which is the time when *fissa*, or the real dinner, is eaten, many retire to rest until five o'clock, when the master of the family returns from the fort, and an excursion to the Mount Road and dinner then occupy the remainder of the day, unless it be prolonged by a ball and supper in the evening. The morning, from nine to eleven, is the time for visiting, when the European residents call upon each other, retail the news, and offer their services to their friends in the city, to which they must repair on business.

In general, the equipages, whether European or otherwise, are of the most beggarly description; throughout Madras there is scarcely one really handsome turn-out. The horses, though some of them respectable, yet being chiefly of the Arab breed, and of small stature, show off but poorly in comparison with the English animal. The natives make use of bullocks, and, as beasts of burden, of the buffalo and camel. Their carriages are of all descriptions, from the simple hearse-like palanquin on wheels, to the large padded seat conveyance, with a conical canopy and curtains, upon which two or three persons may repose after the fashion of Hindoos. Palanquins are not numerous, and are more commonly used by natives than by Europeans. It is a pleasant enough conveyance when you become used to it, though at first the motion is disagreeable. It is highly amusing to witness the awkward manner in which a new-comer gets into one for the first time, and the distress apparent on the countenances of many on first hearing the peculiar cry or song of the bearers, which seems like groaning with pain under the burden. These cries are very pitiful, and would tempt a humane stranger rather to get out and walk in the sun, than inflict such apparent misery upon a number of his fellow-creatures. Yet these doleful lamentations are merely customary, and such an exhibition of feeling, should it be perchance shown, would not be appreciated. The lady, to whom we have before been indebted, thus describes this conveyance:—"The palanquin is like a long box, with sliding pannels on each side, and two windows in front; the seat from the ground is about a foot high, but when elevated on men's shoulders, which is done by a pole extending from each end, you are about three feet from the ground. You recline on cushions, which support your back. For short distances, you have four men at a time to carry you, two at each end, placing the poles on their shoulders, while four men run at the side, ready to relieve them, which they do every two or three minutes. When you travel long journeys, the complement of men required is thirteen, six at each time under the pole, and one to carry the cooking apparatus. Their song, if it may be so called, consists of monotonous sounds, each boy calling a different note, and all keeping exact time with their voices, as well as with their feet. This chant, and the motion of the palanquin, operate as a powerful narcotic, steeping the senses in forgetfulness, the influence of which few can resist. They seldom run more than four miles an hour, and it is astonishing to see how they will keep up at that even pace for twelve hours together, with the exception of halting once for about a quarter of an hour, to eat a little rice. The palanquin-boys* are generally Gentoos, and are the most trustworthy and honest among the natives. An officer of my acquaintance was ordered from Hyderabad to Madras, which is a distance of about four hundred miles, on sick certificate; he became much worse on the road, and died two days before he could reach that presidency. The palanquin-boys conveyed the body to the office of Colonel Conway, Adjutant-General, and placed in his hands 400 rupees, which they said were in the drawer of the palanquin. Colonel Conway wrote to Hyderabad; and in answer was informed, by the paymaster of that station, that the poor officer had drawn that sum only the day before he started. Thus were the boys faithful to their trust, when they could have secreted every single rupee, and would not have run any risk of inquiries being made."

There are few beautiful monuments at Madras. Besides the cenotaph to the Marquis Cornwallis, which has been mentioned, there is a statue of the same nobleman in the Fort; and on the road, between Government House and the Black Town, has recently been erected a splendid equestrian statue, by Chantrey, of the late Sir Thomas Munro, who died while governor of the presidency, deservedly esteemed and universally lamented. In the cathedral, however, is the best monument, also by Chantrey, to Bishop Heber, in the act of confirming two native converts.

Lord Elphinstone, the present governor, is very

popular, both with the native and European communities. Government House has no claim to the distinction which has been conferred upon it, as the residence for the chief person at the presidency—some private houses in Madras possessing quite as much accommodation as it affords. The garden, or rather park, attached to the house is very extensive, reaching to the sea-shore, where there is another smaller residence appropriated to the governor, called the Marine Villa.

At Madras the society is more limited than at Calcutta, and there appears in it a degree of apathy as regards personal comforts. In various trifling matters may be perceived a disregard of those luxuries which a denizen of the chief presidency considers as absolute necessities of life. From the smallness of the place, and the slight increase of its inhabitants during many years, the distinctions of society are also as rigidly preserved as ever; whereas, in the neighbouring capital, the "schoolmaster has been abroad," and many of those artificial bounds which existed ten years ago, are no longer tenable. Thus, there is still at Madras as wide a gulf separating the privileged classes (consisting of the covenanted services of the East India Company and the mercantile aristocracy) from the tradesmen, as there is in England between the highest peer and the humblest of his *employés*. Many years ago, when the inferior part of the mercantile community consisted of ship-stewards, cuddy-servants, and others, who found their way to India nobody knew how, such distinctions might have been necessary; but at the present day, when men of education are devoted to similar pursuits, and are at the same time of good birth, and possessing large capital, it is obvious that the line should be greatly relaxed.

The natives of Madras are, in colour, much darker than their brethren of Bengal, and those of low caste, more particularly, by no means so good-looking; in other respects they have most of the characteristics of the Bengalese, and are, like them, peaceable, patient, and easily contented. As Europeans do not generally give themselves the trouble to study the language, which is the Malabar, or Telinga, it follows as a necessary consequence that every native, holding any intercourse with them, must have a smattering of English, to which cause must be attributed much of the dishonesty and extortion not seldom to be found in the class in question. As on the continent of Europe, so in India, the path of a prodigal Englishman may be frequently traced by the discontent which results from paying servants or other subordinates properly, in contradistinction to his misallied liberality. This is an evil to be remedied only by the determination of every one to adhere unflinchingly to those just rules of remuneratory payment which may be readily ascertained, and which, if persevered in, must eventually do away with the annoyances resulting from a contrary practice.

POPULAR ENGLISH FESTIVALS.

THE piteous tragedy which completed the scheme of man's redemption has been, from an early age, commemorated throughout Christendom by a series of observances which occur during spring. The crucifixion day itself is remembered in Good Friday, and the resurrection on Easter Sunday, which are not the anniversaries of precise days, but, as now arranged in England at least, depend on the following circumstances:—The first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or after the 21st of March, is Easter Sunday, unless full moon happen on a Sunday, in which case Easter is the next Sunday after: Good Friday is the Friday immediately before. Upon this arrangement also depends the occurrence of the other holidays of this period. The forty days before Good Friday constitute Lent, the day before the commencement of which is Shrove Tuesday. The Sunday before Good Friday is Palm Sunday; the day immediately before Good Friday is Maundy Thursday; and the few days following Easter Sunday are respectively called Easter Monday, Easter Tuesday, &c.

MID LENT SUNDAY.

There were some other days of this holy period attended by unusual ceremonies. The fourth Sunday of Lent, named in England MID LENT SUNDAY, and still a festival of the church, called for all true Christians to pay a visit, if possible, to their "mother church," by which, we presume, was meant the church of their native parish, and there make offerings at the high altar. The epistle for the day (Galat. iv. 21) contained an appropriate allusion, "*Hierosolyma, mater omnium*" (Jerusalem, the mother of all.) And it was the custom on the same day to pay visits to parents, carrying them some little gift, and receiving from them, in return, their blessing and a regale of farmety—that is, a porridge composed of whole grains of wheat boiled in milk, sweetened and spiced. Religious observances never appear in so agreeable a light as when they are thus connected with the domestic affections. The common people spoke of this practice as "going a-mothering," and the day was sometimes called *Mothering Sunday*. Herrick thus speaks of it as a custom in Gloucestershire in his time:—

"I'll to thee a simnel bring,
Against thou goes a-mothering,
So that when she blesses thee,
Half that blessing thou'll give me."

* All men-servants in India are called boys, as in France, *garçons*; and sometimes when you call "boy," an old grey-bearded man will answer.

The festival is supposed to have taken its rise in the heathen festival of the Hilaria, celebrated by the ancient Romans, in honour of the mother of the gods, on the ides of March.

CARLING SUNDAY.

The fifth Sunday of Lent was distinguished as CARE or CARLING SUNDAY, terms which appear to be of very dubious import. The peasantry and yeomanry used to steep peas and afterwards parch them, and then, frying them with butter, made a feast of them on the afternoon of this day. It is thought not unlikely that the custom bore some reference to the superstitious notions which the ancients entertained respecting beans, as containing the souls of the departed. The peas, as eaten in the north of England, were called *carlings*, and the mess seems to be identical with that alluded to in a Scottish song of the end of the seventeenth century—

"There'll be all the lads and the lasses,
Set down in the midst of the ha',
With sybaws, and reefarts, and carlings,
That are bath sodden and raw."

We may presume that the day took its name from this word, *carling* being in time softened into *Care*.* It figures in an old rhyme which enumerates the Sundays of Lent by popular appellations—

"Tid, Mid, and Misera,
Carling, Palm, and good Face-day."

The three first words are supposed to have been derived from the beginnings of certain psalms—thus, *Te deum, Mi deus, Miserere mei*.

PALM SUNDAY.

Palm Sunday [which, in the present year, occurs on the 20th of March] is an ancient festival, of a joyful character, designed to commemorate the brilliant though short-lived popularity of the reception which Christ met with on entering Jerusalem, immediately before his passion. On this day, in Catholic countries, the priests bless branches of palm, or some other tree, which are then carried in procession, in memory of those strewed before Christ at his entrance into the holy city. The procession is as splendid as circumstances will admit of; and after it is done, the boughs used are burnt, and their ashes preserved, that they may be laid on the heads of the people next Ash-Wednesday, with the priest's blessing.

In monastic times, the customs of Palm Sunday in England were of an elaborate character; but, as in other countries under a similar latitude, yew, willow, and box, were necessarily substituted for the palm of the Holy Land. The flowers and branches designed to be used by the clergy were laid upon the high altar; these to be used by the laity upon the south step of the altar. The priest, arrayed in a red cope, proceeded to consecrate them by a prayer, beginning, "I conjure thee, thou creature of flowers and branches, in the name of God the Father," &c. This was to displace the devil or his influences, if he or they should chance to be lurking in or about the branches. He then prayed—"We humbly beseech thee that thy truth may [here a sign of the cross] sanctify this creature of flowers and branches, and slips of palms, or boughs of trees, which we offer," &c. The flowers and branches were then fumed with frankincense from censers, after which there were prayers and sprinklings with holy water. The flowers and branches being then distributed, the procession commenced, in which the most conspicuous figures were two priests bearing a *pascal*, in which the crucifix was laid. When the procession had moved through the town, it returned to church, where mass was performed, the communion taken by the priests, and the branches and flowers offered at the altar.†

It appears that it was at one time customary to have a wooden ass ridden by a priest in this procession, in order the more nearly to represent the fashion of Christ's approach to Jerusalem. Another custom of the day was to cast cakes from the steeple of the parish church, the boys scrambling for them below, to the great amusement of the bystanders. Latterly, an angel appears to have been introduced as a figure in the procession: in the accounts of St Andrew Hubbard's parish in London, under 1520, there is an item of eightpence for the hire of an angel to serve on this occasion. Angels, however, could fall in more ways than one, for, in 1537, the hire was only fourpence. Crosses of palm were made and blessed by the priests, and sold to the people as safeguards against disease. In Cornwall, the peasantry carried these crosses to "our lady of Nantwell," where, after a gift to the priest, they were allowed to throw the crosses into the well, when, if they floated, it was argued that the thrower would outlive the year; if they sunk, that he would not. It was a saying that he who had not a palm in his hand on Palm Sunday would have his hand cut off.

After the Reformation, 1536, Henry VIII. declared the carrying of palms on this day to be one of those ceremonies not to be continued or dropped. The custom was kept up by the clergy till the reign of Edward VI., when it was left to the voluntary observance of the people. Fuller, who wrote in the ensuing age, speaks of it respectfully, as "in memory of the receiving of Christ into Jerusalem a little before his death, and that we may have the same desire to receive him

into our hearts." It has continued down to a recent period, if not to the present day, to be customary in many parts of England to go *a-palming* on the Saturday before Palm Sunday; that is, young persons go to the woods for slips of willow, which seems to be the tree chiefly employed in England as a substitute for the palm, on which account it often receives the latter name. They return with slips in their hats or button-holes, or a sprig in their mouths, bearing the branches in their hands. Not many years ago, one stall-woman in Covent-Garden market supplied the article to a few customers, many of whom, perhaps, scarcely knew what it meant.* Slips of the willow, with its velvety buds, are still stuck up in some rural parish churches in England.

MAUNDY THURSDAY.

Maundy Thursday, called also Shrove Thursday, is the day before Good Friday. Its name of Shrove Thursday appears to have arisen from the practice which the priests made of shearing their hair on this day, to make themselves as trim as possible for Easter. The other name is more doubtful, but seems most probably to have been derived from *maund*, an old English word for a basket, in consequence of the distribution of gifts on this day in baskets—the word *maundy* used by old authors for alms or gifts being apparently derived in its turn from the practice of this day. In an old jest-book, there is a story of a rich merchant dictating a testament to a scrivener, while a poor nephew stood by, hoping to hear of something to his advantage. While the testator was still enumerating the debts due to him, the nephew cried, "Ha, ha! what saith my uncle now!—does he now make his *maundies*?" "No," answered the cool man of business, "he is yet in his *demands*." This is an example of the secondary meaning; of the first, we have instances in Bishop Hall speaking of "a *maund* charged with household merchandise," and Shakspeare saying, "A thousand favours from her *maund* she drew." A *maund* seems to have been a basket much like our modern hamper.

The religious customs of this day consisted in works of humility and in conferring gifts on the poor. The object seems to have been to commemorate, or imitate, the humility of Christ in washing the feet of his disciples—the giving of maundies being an additional good work. Cardinal Wolsey, at Peterborough Abbey in 1530, "made his maund in our lady's chapel, having fifty-nine poor men whose feet he washed and kissed; and after he had wiped them, he gave every of the said poor men twelve pence in money, three ells of good canvass to make them shirts, a pair of new shoes, a cast of red herrings, and three white herrings; and one of these had two shillings"—the number of the poor men being probably in correspondence with the years of his age. About the same period, the Earl of Northumberland, on Maundy Thursday, gave to each of as many poor men as he was years old, and one over, a gown with a hood, a linen shirt, a platter with meat, an ashen cup filled with wine, and a leathern purse containing as many pennies as he was years old, and one over; besides miscellaneous gifts to be distributed in like manner in name of his lady and his sons. The observance of Maundy Thursday by the monks is described in a Protestant satire called the *Popeish Kingdom*:—

"And here the monks their maundies make with sundry solemn rites,
And signs of great humility, and wondrous pleasant sights.
Each one the other's feet doth wash, and wipe them clean and dry,
With hateful mind and secret fraud, that in their hearts doth lie;
As if that Christ with his examples did these things require,
And not to help our brethren here with zeal and free desire;
Each one supplying other's want, in all things that they may,
As he himself a servant made, to serve us every way.
Then straight the leaves do walk, and pots in every place they skink,
Wherewith the holy fathers oft to pleasant damns drink."

The king of England was formerly accustomed on Maundy Thursday to have brought before him as many poor men as he was years old, whose feet he washed with his own hands, after which his majesty's maunds, consisting of meat, clothes, and money, were distributed amongst them. Queen Elizabeth, when in her thirty-ninth year, performed this ceremony at her palace of Greenwich, on which occasion she was attended by thirty-nine ladies and gentlemen. Thirty-nine poor persons being assembled, their feet were first washed by the yeomen of the laundry with warm water and sweet herbs, afterwards by the sub-almoner, and finally by the queen herself, kneeling; these various persons, the yeomen, the sub-almoner, and the queen, after washing each foot, marked it with the sign of the cross above the toes, and then kissed it. Clothes, victuals, and money, were then distributed. This strange ceremonial, in which the highest was for a moment brought beneath the lowest, was last performed in its full extent by James II. King William left the washing to his almoner; and such was the arrangement for many years afterwards. "Thursday, April 15 [1731], being Maundy Thursday, there was distributed at the Banqueting House, Whitehall, to forty-eight poor men and forty-eight poor women (the king [George II.]'s age being forty-eight), boiled beef and shoulders of mutton, and small bowls of ale, which is called dinner; after that large wooden platters of fish and loaves, viz. undressed, one large old ling, and one large dried cod; twelve red herrings and twelve white herrings, and four half-

quarter loaves. Each person had one platter of this provision; after which were distributed to them shoes, stockings, linen and woollen cloth, and leathern bags, with one penny, twopenny, threepenny, and fourpenny pieces of silver and shillings; to each about four pounds in value. His Grace the Lord Archbishop of York, Lord High Almoner, performed the annual ceremony of washing the feet of a certain number of poor in the Royal Chapel, Whitehall, which was formerly done by the kings themselves, in imitation of our Saviour's pattern of humility." For a considerable number of years, the washing of the feet has been entirely given up, and since the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria, an additional sum of money has been given in lieu of provisions.

CARLETON'S SPORTING SKETCH-BOOK.†

FIELD-SPORTS, we confess, are not much in our way; yet we cannot be insensible to the amusement which they afford in literature. Set down to a book filled with such matters, we find recollections of a country life revived, and, though confined to the heart of a city, once more in imagination we range over field and woodland, sauntering in hand along the banks of some lively troutling stream, or engage in exercises somewhat more boisterous and mirthful. These floating and fanciful reminiscences have been lately stirred up by perusing Mr Carleton's new work, "The Sporting Sketch-Book," formed by the contributions, as we are told, from the most distinguished sportsmen of the day, both English and American. It is a very pleasing fireside book for a winter's evening, containing some good stories, a number of laughable jokes, and stirring accounts of hunting and fishing excursions—some of them, perhaps, drawn with a bow a *leot* too long, but still good for all that. Take the following serio-comic scrap as a specimen; the narrator is a gentleman of Kentucky:—

"Gentlemen," observed Ned Lucas, in reply to an application, on the following evening, to spin one of his accustomed yarns, "here's the story. It is true, upon my honour, from beginning to end—every word of it. I once crossed over to Faulkner's Island, to fish for *tangues*, as the north-side people call black fish, on the reefs hard by, in the Long Island Sound. Tim Titus (who died of the dropsey down at Shinnecock Point, last spring) lived there then.

It was during the latter part of July; the sharks and the dogfish had just begun to spoil sport. When Tim told me about the sharks, I resolved to go prepared to entertain these aquatic savages with all becoming attention and regard, if there should chance to be any interloping about our fishing-ground. So we rigged out a set of extra large hooks, and shipped some rope-yarn and steel chain, an axe, a couple of clubs, and an old harpoon, in addition to our ordinary equipments, and off we started. We threw out our anchor at half ebb-tide, and took some thumping large fish; two of them weighed thirteen pounds—so you may judge. The reef where we lay was about half a mile from the island, and perhaps a mile from the Connecticut shore. We floated there, very quietly throwing out and hauling in, until the breaking of my line, with a sudden and severe jerk, informed me that the sea-attorneys were in waiting down stairs, and we accordingly prepared to give them a retainer. A salt pork cloak, upon one of our magnum hooks, forthwith engaged one of the gentlemen in our service. We had business enough of the kind to keep us employed until near low water. By this time the sharks had all cleared out, and the black fish were biting again; the rock began to make its appearance, above the water, and in a little while its hard bald head was entirely dry. Tim now proposed to set me out upon the rock, while he rowed ashore to get the jug, which, strange to say, we had left at the house. I assented to this proposition, first, because I began to feel the effects of the sun upon my tongue, and needed something to take, by way of medicine; and, secondly, because the rock was a favourite spot for a rod and reel, and famous for luck: so I took my *trops*, and a box of bait, and jumped upon my new station. Tim made for the island.

Not many men would willingly have been left upon a little barren reef, that was covered by every flow of the tide, in the midst of a waste of waters, at such a distance from the shore, even with an assurance from a companion more to be depended upon than mine, to return immediately, and lie by to take him off. But, somehow or other, the excitement of my sport was so high, and the romance of my situation so delightful, that I thought of nothing else but the prosecution of my fun, and the contemplation of the novelty and beauty of the scene. It was a mild, pleasant afternoon, in harvest time. The sky was clear and pure. The deep blue sound, heaving all around me, was studded with craft of all descriptions and dimensions, from the dipping sail boat to the rolling merchantman, sinking and rising like sea-birds sporting with their white wings in the surge. The grain and grass on the neighbouring farms were gold and green, and gracefully they bent obedience to a gentle breathing south-wester. Farther off, the high upland and the distant coast gave a dim relief to the prominent features of the landscape, and seemed the rich but dusky

* In Scotland, when a sheep is killed for private use, it is customary to make cakes with the blood, and these are called *Car-sides*.

† Forster's British Monachism.

* Hunt's Every-Day Book, l. 336.

* Gentleman's Magazine, 1731.

† The Sporting Sketch-Book. Edited by J. W. Carleton, Esq. With fine embellishments. London: New and Parsons. 1843.

frame of a brilliant fairy picture. Then, how still it was!—not a sound could be heard except the occasional rustling of my own motion, and the water beating against the sides, or gurgling in the fissures, of the rock; or except, now and then, the cry of a solitary saucy gull, who would come out of his way in the firmament to see what I was doing without a boat, all alone, in the middle of the sound; and who would hover, and cry, and chatter, and make two or three circling swoops and dashes at me—and then, after having satisfied his curiosity, glide away in search of some other fool to scream at.

I soon became half indolent, and quite indifferent about fishing; so I stretched myself out at full length upon the rock, and gave myself up to the luxury of looking and thinking. The divine exercise soon put me fast asleep. I dreamed away a couple of hours, and longer might have dreamed, but for a tired fish-hawk, who chose to make my head his resting-place, and who waked and started me to my feet.

'Where is Tim Titus?' I muttered to myself, as I strained my eyes over the now darkened water. But none was near me to answer that interesting question, and nothing was to be seen of either Tim or his boat. 'He should have been here long ere this,' thought I; 'and he promised faithfully not to stay long—could he have forgotten! or has he paid too much devotion to the jug?'

I began to feel uneasy, for the tide was rising fast, and soon would cover the top of the rock, and high-water mark was at least a foot above my head. I buttoned up my coat, for either the coming coolness of the evening, or else my growing apprehensions, had set me trembling and chattering most painfully. I braced my nerves, and set my teeth, and tried to hum 'Begone, dull care!' keeping time with my fists upon my thighs. But what music!—what melancholy merriment! I started and shuddered at the doleful sound of my own voice. I am not naturally a coward, but I should like to know the man who would not, in such a situation, be alarmed. It is a cruel death to die, to be merely drowned, and to go through the ordinary commonplaces of suffocation; but to see your death gradually rising to your eyes, to feel the water rising, inch by inch, upon your shivering sides, and to anticipate the certainly coming, choking struggle for your last breath, when, with the gurgling sound of an overflowing brook taking a new direction, the cold brine pours into mouth, ears, and nostrils, usurping the seat and avenues of health and life, and, with gradual flow, stifling—smothering—suffocating! It were better to die a thousand common deaths.

This is one of the instances in which, it must be admitted, salt water is not a pleasant subject of contemplation. However, the rock was not yet covered, and hope, blessed hope, stuck faithfully by me. To beguile, if possible, the weary time, I put on a bait, and threw out for a fish. I was sooner successful than I could have wished to be, for hardly had my line struck the water before my hook was swallowed, and my rod was bent with the dead hard pull of a twelve-foot shark. I let him run about fifty yards, and then reeled up. He appeared not at all alarmed, and I could scarcely feel him bear upon my fine hair line. He followed the pull gently and unresistingly, came up to the rock, laid his nose upon its side, and looked up into my face, not as if utterly unconcerned, but with a sort of quizzical impudence, as though he perfectly understood the precarious nature of my situation. The conduct of my captive renewed and increased my alarm. And well it might, for the tide was now running over a corner of the rock behind me, and a small stream rushed through a cleft or fissure by my side, and formed a puddle at my very feet. I broke my hook out of the monster's mouth, and leaned upon my rod for support.

'Where is Tim Titus?' I cried aloud—'the drunken vagabond! will he never come!'

My ejaculations did no good. No Timothy appeared. It became evident that I must prepare for drowning, or for action. The reef was completely covered, and the water was above the soles of my feet. I was not much of a swimmer, and as to ever reaching the island, I could not even hope for that. However, there was no alternative, and I tried to encourage myself by reflecting that necessity was the mother of invention, and that desperation will sometimes ensure success. Besides, too, I considered and took comfort from the thought that I could wait for Tim so long as I had a foot-hold, and then commit myself to the uncertain strength of my arms and legs for salvation. So I turned my bait-box upside down, and, mounting upon that, endeavoured to comfort my spirits, and to be courageous but submissive to my fate. I thought of death, and what it might bring with it, and I tried to repent of the multiplied iniquities of my almost wasted life; but I found that that was no place for a sinner to settle his accounts. Wretched soul! pray, I could not.

The water had now got above my ankles, when, to my inexpressible joy, I saw a sloop bending down towards me, with the evident intention of picking me up. No man can imagine what were the sensations of gratitude which filled my bosom at that moment.

When she got within a hundred yards of the reef, I sung out to the man at the helm to luff up and lower the boat; but to my amazement I could get no reply, nor notice of my request. I entreated them, for the love of Heaven, to take me off; and I promised I knew not what rewards, entirely beyond

my power of bestowal. But the wretch of a captain, murmuring something to the effect of 'that he hadn't time to stop,' and giving me the kind and sensible advice to pull off my coat and swim ashore, put the helm hard down, and bore away on the other tack.

It now was time to strip, for my knees felt the cool tide, and the wind dying away, left a heavy swell, that swayed and shook the box upon which I was mounted, so that I had occasionally to stoop, and paddle with my hands against the water, in order to preserve my perpendicular. The setting sun sent his almost horizontal streams of fire across the dark waters, making them gloomy and terrific by the contrast of his amber and purple glories.

Something glided by me in the water, and then made a sudden halt. I looked upon the black mass, and as my eye ran along its dark outline, I saw with horror that it was a shark—the identical monster out of whose mouth I had just broken my hook! He was fishing now for me, and was evidently only waiting for the tide to rise high enough above the rock, to glut at once his hunger and revenge. As the water continued to mount above my knees, he seemed to grow more hungry and familiar. At last he made a desperate dash, and, approaching within an inch of my legs, turned upon his back, and opened his huge jaws for an attack. With desperate strength, I thrust the end of my rod violently at his mouth, and the brass head, ringing against his teeth, threw him back into the deep current, and I lost sight of him entirely. This, however, was but a momentary repulse, for in the next minute he was close behind my back, and pulling at the skirts of my fustian coat, which hung dipping into the water. I leaned forward hastily, and endeavoured to extricate myself from the dangerous grasp; but the monster's teeth were too firmly set, and his immense strength nearly drew me over. So down flew my rod, and off went my jacket, devoted peace-offerings to my voracious visitor.

In an instant, the waves around me were lashed into froth and foam. No sooner was my poor old sporting friend drawn under the surface, than it was fought for by, at least, a dozen enormous combatants! The battle raged upon every side. High black fins rushed now here, now there, and long strong tails scattered sleet and froth, and the brine was thrown up in jets, and eddied, and curled, and fell, and swelled like a whirlpool.

Of no long duration, however, was this fishy tourney. It seemed soon to be discovered that the prize contended for contained nothing edible but cheese and crackers, and no flesh; and as its mutilated fragments rose to the surface, the waves subsided into their former smooth condition. Not till then did I experience the real terrors of my situation. As I looked around me to see what had become of the robbers, I counted one, two, three, yea, up to twelve, successively, of the largest sharks I ever saw, floating in a circle around me, like divergent rays, all mathematically equidistant from the rock, and from each other; each perfectly motionless, and with his glowing, fiery eye fixed full and fierce upon me. Basilisks and rattlesnakes! how the fire of their steady eyes entered into my heart! I was the centre of a circle, whose radii were sharks: I was the unsprung, or rather *unsprung* game, at which a pack of hunting sea-dogs were making a dead point!

There was one old fellow that kept within the circumference of the circle. He seemed to be a sort of captain, or leader of the band, or rather he acted as the coroner for the other twelve of the inquisition, that were summoned to sit on and eat up my body. He glided around and about, and every now and then would stop, and touch his nose against some one of his comrades, and seem to consult, or to give instructions as to the time and mode of operation. Occasionally he would scull himself up towards me, and examine the condition of my flesh, and then glide back, and again rejoin the *troupe*, and flap his tail, and have another confabulation. The old rascal had no doubt been out into the highways and byways, and collected this company of his friends and kin-fish, and invited them to supper.

My sensations began to be now most exquisite indeed; but I will not attempt to describe them. I was neither hot nor cold, frightened nor composed; but I had a combination of all kinds of feelings and emotions. The present, past, future, heaven, earth, my father and mother, a little girl I knew once, and the sharks, were all confusedly mixed up together, and swelled my crazy brain almost to bursting. I cried, and laughed, and spouted, and screamed for Tim Titus. In a fit of most wise madness, I opened my broad-bladed fishing-knife, and waved it around my head with an air of defiance. As the tide continued to rise, my extravagance of madness mounted. At one time, I became persuaded that my tide-waiters were reasonable beings, who might be talked into mercy and humanity, if a person could only hit upon the right text. So I bowed, and gesticulated, and threw out my hands, and talked to them as friends and brothers, members of my family, cousins, uncles, aunts, people waiting to have their bills paid. I scolded them as my servants; I abused them as duns; I implored them as jurymen sitting on the question of my life; I congratulated and flattered them, as my comrades, upon some glorious enterprise. What said I!—what did I not say! Prose and poetry, scripture and drama, romance and ratiocination—out it came.

'My brave associates, partners of my toil!—so ran the strain.

'On which side soever I turn my eyes.'

'Gentlemen of the jury.'

'I come not here to steal away your hearts.'

'You are not wood, you are not stones, but—'

'Hah!—Begin, ye tormentors, your tortures are vain.'

'Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up to any sudden flood.'

'The angry flood that lashed her groaning sides.'

'Ladies and gentlemen.'

'My very noble and approved good masters.'

'Avant! and quit my sight; let the earth hide ye!'

'Lie lightly on his head, O earth!'

'O! heaven and earth, that it should come to this!'

'The torrent roared, and we did buffet it with lusty sinews, stemming it aside, and caring it with hearts of controversy.'

'Romans, countrymen, and lovers, hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear.'

'Fellow-citizens, assembled as we are upon this interesting occasion, impressed with the truth and beauty—'

'Ile of beauty, fare-thee-well.'

'The quality of mercy is not strained.'

'Truth is potent, and—'

'Most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors!'

'Oh, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what I weep when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded!'

'Ha! ha! ha!—and I broke out in a fit of most horrible laughter, as I thought of the mince-meat particles of my lacerated jacket.

In the mean time, the water had got well up towards my shoulders; and while I was shaking and vibrating upon my uncertain foot-hold, I felt the cold nose of the captain of the band snubbing against my side. Desperately, and without a definite object, I struck my knife at one of his eyes, and, by some singular fortune, cut it out clean from the socket. The shark darted back, and halted. In an instant, hope and reason came to my relief, and it occurred to me that, if I could only blind the monster, I might yet escape. Accordingly, I stood ready for the next attack. The loss of an eye did not seem to affect him much, for, after shaking his head once or twice, he came up to me again, and when he was about half an inch off, turned upon his back. This was the critical moment. With a most unaccountable presence of mind, I laid hold of his nose with my left hand, and with my right I scooped out his remaining organ of vision. He opened his big mouth, and champed his long teeth at me in despair; but it was all over with him. I raised my right foot, and gave him a hard shove, and he glided off into deep water, and went to the bottom.

Well, gentlemen, I suppose you'll think it a hard story, but it is none the less a fact, that I served every remaining one of those nineteen sharks in the same fashion. They all came up to me, one by one, regularly and in order, and I scooped their eyes out, and gave them a shove, and they went off into deep water, just like so many lambs. By the time I had scooped out and blinded a couple of dozen of them, they began to seem so scarce that I thought I would swim for the island, and fight the rest for fun on the way; but just then Tim Titus hove in sight, and it had got to be almost dark, and I concluded to get aboard and rest myself.'

LETTER FROM A CANADIAN EMIGRANT.

A LETTER from a gentleman resident in Upper Canada, near the small town of Paris, written to a friend in Edinburgh, having been put into our hands for the purpose of extracting any matter from it that appeared useful to intending emigrants, we take the liberty of laying the following passages before our readers. The recommendations as to emigration are clearly referable only to hard-working men, accustomed to country labour, and who are steady in behaviour:—

'With reference to the Paisley Emigration Society, I shall be happy to be of any service to the poor people; but, to give sound advice, one would require to know more of them than I do, and to have a more extensive knowledge of the country than I am possessed of. Their idea of getting land from government, and one half working on it and the other going out, is not a bad one, provided they can get the land, and it be of good quality, and not too far back, and they have some capital to begin with. Free grants of land are, however, not now to be had. It was indeed determined to let such people as the society in question is composed of, have grants of fifty acres each, in one section of the country; but this resolution was disallowed by the home government, excepting to the extent of five acres each. I rather suspect, therefore, that that part of the Emigration Society's scheme cannot be realised.

I have mentioned the case to two or three of my friends, and their idea coincides with my own, which is, that although it will not be easy to carry the proposed plan into effect at present, there is nevertheless every encouragement for sober, industrious, active, able-bodied people to come to the country. It is just the country for such people. The public works will employ a great many hands next year. Indeed, there are now advertisements out for 500 men to enlarge the Welland Canal feeder. It is probably at such works the Paisley people would find employment at first; and I presume that they would get about 3s. 9d. currency a-day without board, or 2s. 6d.

with board, which are the common wages we have to pay for day-labourers. Good female servants are much wanted. Girls who are strong enough to wash, get 4 dollars to 4½ dollars per month; and some few very good ones, who have very heavy work, get as high as six dollars. Younger girls get in proportion to the work they can do. Agricultural labourers get on an average 10 dollars a-month all the year round. Hiring by the month in summer, for two or three months, they obtain from 11 to 13 dollars, according to circumstances and the season. Hay-makers generally get 3s. 9d. a-day, and harvest hands 1 dollar a-day, both with board. In my opinion, the best time for people, especially agricultural labourers, to come into the country, is about the end of June, when plenty of work is to be had at haying, and afterwards at harvest; and good hands generally find permanent work on some of the farms where they have been assisting. But your people, I fear, have no knowledge of agricultural labour. The advice I would be inclined to give them is, as soon as they land, to endeavour to make their way up the country, where hands will be less plenty than at the ports of landing; and to take individually such work as they are suited to, as they can get it, and not to think of all working together, for I deem that to be impracticable for any length of time. The girls, if there are any, and the boys, should be put out as opportunity is found, so as to make every thing pay. The probability is, that one family will settle here and another there. People with capital can choose their location; but those without must let circumstances point out theirs. I am desirous the people should not entertain wrong notions of their prospects; yet, as I said before, I am of opinion they ought to come out if they can. If able to work, they will be decidedly better off here than at home. I don't know an instance of a sober, industrious labouring man, who has not bettered himself, and is not gradually improving in his circumstances. You may easily see how this must be, by comparing wages with prices of provisions. I have told you the wages. I will give you the Toronto prices of the principal articles, which may be considered rather higher than the country prices; and I will give you the highest quotation. Household flour, 25s. per 196 lbs.; oatmeal, the same; beef, 20s. per 100 lbs., or about 2d. sterling per lb.; mutton and veal, 3½d. to 4d. currency per lb.; pork, there is no quotation, but it may be had for about 4 dollars per 100 lbs.; butter, 10d. per lb.; it is 7½d. in Paris; cheese, 3d. to 5d. This last article is rather cheaper in Toronto than in the country. Potatoes, 1s. 3d. per bushel. I should presume that a house, such as a labouring man would want, may be had for two dollars per month at the utmost; and a managing handy fellow (and all must be handy here to do any good) may very soon sit at no rent at all, by building himself a small house with boards, as many do. There are three or four about Paris now, which I am sure did not cost more than £5 a-piece, exclusive of the labour of putting together. They are placed on patches of waste ground, with leave of the proprietor. I never wear shoes now: few do—they are not fit for winter. My boots, where they are fine, cost me about the same price currency which I paid in sterling, which is therefore about a fifth less. Strong coarse boots can be had for from 3½ to 4½ dollars. Clothes are dearer than at home, but not much.

I have taken it for granted that the men cannot get grants of land; but any doubt on that head may be set at rest by applying at the Colonial Office, which can easily be done through some of the gentlemen whose names are at the prospectus. As to getting land by purchase, probably most of those who are very much inclined to do so may acquire it in time. I know several instances of men (they have been single men), after being in the country for five or six years, going on their own 100 acres of land, with a few acres cleared, which they had paid for out of their earnings. But then they are all steady, industrious, and saving. I had a man with me for eighteen months, who had been in the country five or six years. He had his deed for 100 acres when he came to me; and when he left me, he had paid for clearing ten or fifteen acres, and went on his own farm then with two barrels of pork, four barrels of flour, a yoke of oxen (I am not sure but in this his cousin and neighbour had a half share), and £20 in money. John Harper, the last man Adam had, went off to his own farm to-day. He has scraped a good deal of money together; perhaps £150 or £200. I also saw a man to-day who has now a farm with sixty acres cleared. He was with Walter a year or two. He is quite a young man—a canny, cautious Scot. All these are or were common labouring men, and they are instances which have occurred among the labourers on three adjoining farms, and are only a sample of what may be done by industry and frugality. I mention these instances to encourage the people; but they must expect to encounter difficulties. Some will be more fortunate than others; but all may lay their account to meet with difficulties and hardships of some kind, especially when they first arrive in the country."

GOthic PATTERNS.

The practice of making articles after the style of Gothic architecture, has been smartly ridiculed, as follows, in the lectures of Mr Pugin, lately published in the *Civil Engineer and Architects' Journal*:—"Modern gates are not unfrequently made to represent diminutive fronts of castellated or ecclesiastical buildings, with turrets, loopholes, windows, and doorways, all in a space of forty inches. The funder is a sort of embattled parapet, with a lodge-gate at each end; the end of the poker is a sharp-pointed finial; and at the summit of the tongue is a saint. It is impossible to enumerate half the absurdities of modern metal-workers; but all these proceed from the false notion of disguising instead of beautifying articles of utility. How many objects of ordinary use are rendered monstrous and ridiculous, simply because the artist, instead of seeking the most convenient form, and then decorating it, has embodied some extravagance to conceal the real purpose for which the article

has been made! If a clock is required, it is not unusual to cast a Roman warrior in a flying chariot, round one of the wheels of which, on close inspection, the hours may be deciphered; or the whole front of a cathedral church, reduced to a few inches in height, with the clock-face occupying the position of a magnificent rose window. Surely the inventor of this patent clock-case could never have reflected, that, according to the scale on which the edifice was reduced, his clock would be about two hundred feet in circumference, and that such a monster of a dial would crush the proportions of almost any building that could be raised. But this is nothing when compared to what we see continually produced from those inexhaustible mines of bad taste, Birmingham and Sheffield—staircase turrets for inkstands, monumental crosses for light-shades, gable ends hung on handles for door-ports (?), and four doorways and a cluster of pillars to support a French lamp; while a pair of pinnacles supporting an arch is called a Gothic-pattern scraper, and a wiry compound of quatrefoils and fan tracery an abbey garden-seat. Neither relative scale, form, purpose, nor unity of style, is ever considered by those who design these abominations: if they only introduce a quatrefoil or an acute arch, be the outline and style of the article ever so modern and debased, it is at once denominated and sold as Gothic. While I am on this topic, it may not be amiss to mention some other absurdities which may not be out of place, although they do not belong to metal-work. I will commence with what are termed Gothic-pattern papers, for hanging walls, where a wretched caricature of a pointed building is repeated from the skirting to the cornice in glorious confusion—door over pinnacle, and pinnacle over door. This is a great favourite with hotel and tavern keepers. Again, those papers which are shaded are defective in principle; for, as a paper is hung round a room, the ornament must frequently be shadowed on the light side. The variety of these miserable patterns is quite surprising; and as the expense of cutting a block for a bad figure is equal if not greater than for a good one, there is not the shadow of an excuse for their continual reproduction. A moment's reflection must show the extreme absurdity of repeating a perspective over a large surface, with some hundred different points of sight: a panel or wall may be enriched and decorated at pleasure, but it should always be treated in a consistent manner."

THE RIVAL BUBBLES.

[The danger of unduly exciting sentiments of emulation in children—as, for instance, causing them to struggle to outmatch their fellows at school, and the evil consequences engendered by it between friends and companions—is finely illustrated in the following poetic fable by the author of "Fireside Education":—]

Two bubbles on a mountain stream
Began their race one shining morn,
And, lighted by the ruddy beam,
Went dancing down 'mid shrub and thorn.

The stream was narrow, wild, and lone,
But gaily dash'd o'er mounds and rock,
And brighter still the bubbles shone,
As if they loved the whirling shock.

Each leaf, and flower, and sunny ray,
Was pictured on them as they flew,
And o'er their bosoms seem'd to play
In lovelier forms and colours new.

Thus on they went, and side by side
They kept in and and sunny weather,
And rough or smooth the flowing tide,
They brightest shone when close together.

Nor did they deem that they could sever,
That clouds could rise or morning wane;
They loved, and thought that love for ever
Would bind them in its gentle chain.

But soon the mountain slope was o'er,
And 'mid new scenes the waters flow'd,
And the two bubbles now no more
With their first morning beauty glow'd.

They parted, and the sunny ray
That from each other's love they borrow'd,
That made their dancing bosoms gay,
While other bubbles round them sorrow'd;

That ray was dimm'd, and on the wind
A shadow came, as if from heaven,
Yet on they flew, and sought to find
From strife the bliss that love had given.

They parted, yet in sight they kept,
And rivals now the friends became,
And if perchance the eddies swept
Them close, they flash'd with flame;

And fiercer forward seem'd to bound
With the swift ripples toward the main;
And all the lesser bubbles round
Each sought to gather in its train.

They strove, and in that eager strife
Their morning friendship was forgot,
And all the joys that sweeten life,
The rival bubbles knew them not:

The leaves, the flowers, the grassy shore,
Were all neglected in the chase,
And on their bosoms now no more
These forms of beauty found a place.

But all was dim and drear within,
And envy dwell where love was known,
And images of fear and sin
Were traced where truth and pleasure shone.

The clouds grew dark, the tide swell'd high,
And gloom was o'er the waters flung,
But, riding on the billows, nigh
Each other now the bubbles swung;

Closer and closer still they rush'd
In anger o'er the rolling river;
Then met, and, 'mid the waters crush'd,
The rival bubbles burst for ever!

MANUFACTURING OLD PICTURES.

PERSONS possessing more money than judgment, and affecting a taste in ancient paintings, cannot be made sufficiently aware of the tricks performed in the preparation of articles to suit their fancy. Indeed, the smallest reflection should convince any one that Corregio, Rembrandt, Rubens, Claude Lorraine, Guido, &c., could not have produced all the pictures ascribed to them, if they had respectively painted by steam during the whole of their lives. A writer in the *New Monthly Magazine*, last year, very properly exposes this process of old picture-making to suit English amateurs. He observes:—"The extent to which copies are made of paintings by esteemed artists is incalculable; and so cleverly do the copyists often imitate the originals, as occasionally to deceive even the best judges. This is so well known, that it is now almost as necessary to have the pedigree of a valuable painting, when purchased, as to have that of a valuable horse. It is rare for an amateur now-a-days to buy of a stranger a high-priced painting on his own judgment, without being imposed upon. We could enumerate many instances of noblemen and gentlemen when abroad paying extravagant sums for copies worth but a few pounds; but one instance will suffice:—A nobleman, enjoying considerable reputation as a connoisseur and patron of art, whilst travelling in the Netherlands, was strongly recommended to purchase a fine painting by Rubens; and so well contrived a story was told of its history, that his lordship gladly gave eight hundred pounds for it, afterwards congratulating himself on having made so advantageous a bargain. On arriving in London, wishing his purchase to be placed in his gallery with every advantage, he sent it to be lined, when, on uncovering the back of the picture, the name of 'Robertson and Miller,' the canvass preparers, appeared on the canvass, plainly proving that it was a modern copy, executed most probably by an English artist! Very few of the old masters have been so frequently repeated as Rubens, and many collectors who pride themselves on having a genuine work from his hand, possess only a clever copy. The late Admiral Sir Ross Donnelly was exceedingly enthusiastic on what he considered some matchless productions of the great Flemish painter, which held a conspicuous situation in his gallery. A few weeks ago the whole collection was disposed of by auction at Messrs Christie and Manson's rooms, and realised about £800; whereas a single fine Rubens (such, for instance, as the Rape of the Sabinas in the National Gallery) is of itself alone worth three times that sum.

Examples of the different Italian schools are, however, the most extensively copied. The pupils and foreign artists of every country copy almost every fine picture they can get access to in Italy; and among the most industrious of these manufacturers are English artists, who have gone to Italy with the ostensible object of improving themselves by a careful study of the best productions of the Italian school. In due time these copies come into the market, and, when sufficiently dirty, often pass for genuine pictures. Of course, the principal dealers in London are too experienced to be deceived by them, and are too careful of their reputations to attempt to deceive their customers; but few private buyers possess such judgment. Still it must in justice be stated, that the art of deception is carried on in this way in Italy to an extent which leaves similar impositions in England very far in the rear.

Instances have been known of English connoisseurs, in their anxiety to secure a genuine picture, paying an enormous sum to the head of a religious community, whose chief treasure it has been considered; and, to make assurance doubly sure, they have, at his reverence's instigation, affixed their seals at the back of the picture. On its coming into their possession, they find the seal untouched, and take no small credit to themselves for having secured to their country another invaluable Raphael or Corregio. The fact is, that an admirably executed copy was fitted with great nicety into the back of the original picture, and on this the reverend father got his generous customer carefully to affix his seal. The original picture in front was then removed, and the connoisseur carries the copy into his own country for a genuine production."

POPULARITY.

Works of true merit are seldom very popular in their own day; for knowledge is on the march, and men of genius are the *prastolatoes* or *videttes* that are far in advance of their comrades. They are not with them, but before them; not in the camp, but beyond it. The works of sciolists and dullards are still more unpopular, but from a different cause; and theirs is an unpopularity that will remain, because they are not before the main body but behind it; and as it proceeds, every moment increases the distance of those sluggards that are sleeping in the rear, but diminishes the distance of those heroes that have taken post in the van. Who then stands the best chance of that paltry prize—contemporaneous approbation? He whose mediocrity of progress distances not his comrades, and whose equality of merit affords a level on which friendship may be built; who is not so dull but that he has something to teach, and not so wise as to have nothing to learn; who is not so far before his companions as to be unperceived, nor so far behind them as to be unregarded.—*Lacon*.

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